

## NO CRIME

Another day begins on an ordinary Wednesday.  
The clouds painting the sky gray, soft water decorating the streets and my garden's way.  
There are still a few minutes left before dawn, but I can already hear the sounds of daily trajectories.  
Everything was ordinary on that pale morning with negative numbers, lost in frozen memories.

Lines of cars parked in front of the mansion next to my home.  
That mansion would be the stage where fate would roam.  
A man who did not have a mattress thick enough for all his gold.  
And a woman that could freeze time with a stare so cold.

The days had no brakes and were scribbled onto my calendar's page.  
The Graysons had the entire city at their stage.  
The streets could have been sculpted in glass if they had willed.  
They just didn't know that Mrs. Grayson's long dresses concealed.

Along with the blooming of flowers, I saw the mansion take on purple shades.  
During a fateful encounter, I was frozen where silence pervades.  
When I closed my eyes, everything faded from the scene.  
She simply said: It's okay. My husband smells like infidelity.

CHORUS: The salty air was already seeping through the doors every morning light.  
On that Tuesday, I saw the mansion's white carpet stained red in sight.  
She was petrified, the lawyer observing the crime scene.  
While carefully avoiding stepping on the red so keen.

The days passed, and the weight of suspicion had a name.  
The same window that once revealed secrets now framed my shame.  
The voices whispered that I had seen too much to hide.  
That my shadow had lingered too long outside.

My footprints on the wet pavement, my gaze caught in a moment too still.  
When the officers came, their verdict was written with unshaken will.  
Behind iron bars, I watched as the mansion stood untouched in time.  
Mrs. Grayson, veiled in mourning, walked with the lawyer in perfect rhyme.

CHORUS

The city forgot, the whispers faded, and the streets remained unswayed.  
But in the silence of my cell, I knew the crime was in what I'd portrayed.  
The crime was not in what I had done, nor what I had missed.  
But in what I had witnessed and should not exist.



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